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MARCH, 1937

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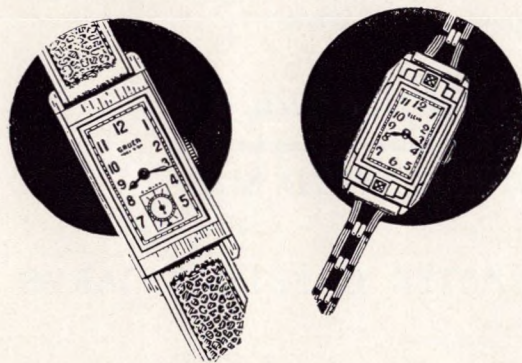
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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AMBITION

By Robert Stuart

*I know my goal,
And I will climb,
Till standing on the heights, sublime,
I can give freedom to my soul.*

*I know the way,
That I must go—alone,
How rough the path with stone,
How long the day.*

*How easy to give up,—
No one cares, why struggle on?
No one will hear the song,
When I have reached the top.*

*And yet,—my soul and I,
We know, and softly smile,
How good, and how worth while,
This thing I try.*

On the Editor's Desk



OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS!

By Betty Mitchell

HAVE you ever been guilty of day dreaming? Have you often received A or B in English composition? Have you ever pondered—seriously or otherwise—on some particular subject? If your answer is “yes” to these questions, you have the possibilities of becoming an author—of experiencing the thrill that comes from seeing your own words in print.

You shouldn't neglect this chance, but should take every opportunity you can get to develop your writing ability. One of the greatest possibilities for utilizing your talent is given you in your own STUDENT'S PEN. Write down some of your day dreams in the form of short stories. Give us your thoughts as essays. If your A compositions would prove interesting to other students, bring them in to 233—the meeting place of THE PEN Club, or put them in the office in the box marked STUDENT'S PEN.

You don't have to belong to the STUDENT'S PEN Club in order to submit manuscripts for publication; yet there is nothing to stop you from joining. We like to have new members, and it is certain you would find it well worth your while to spend an hour or so a month at meetings. We usually reserve Tuesday for our meeting day.

So far I have mentioned only those benefits that are offered by THE PEN to those who are interested in writing. There are other lines of interest that may well express themselves through the school magazine.

The art department is always looking for budding young artists who can draw good cover designs or cartoons.

The advertising staff needs enthusiastic fellows who will display their business abilities by selling spaces in THE PEN to advertisers. This is a very important activity. It helps to defray the cost of publishing to such an extent that we realize that we couldn't have any magazine without the income obtained from the ads. For (although I wouldn't breath a word of it to the P. H. S. students, it might hurt their feelings) it must be admitted that the pupils do not pay as much dues as would be desired. It is certain, however, that if each student recognized how much his five cents a week would help his school to better all the opportunities it already offers, he would be more than willing to pay his school dues. A magazine representing the combined efforts of many of the members of his school, and a student ticket to some of the most exciting basketball, baseball, and football games ever played are well worth the bit of his allowance that he spares for these enjoyments.

'CHUTE-THE-CHUTES'

By Alexander Jarvie

THE yammer of the Vickers guns on his cowl was music to the ears of Lieutenant Carson. Not that he liked war—he hated it! But the sound denoted his graduation to a new school of training; at last he was in the gunnery division. For months he had slaved through the divisions of flight and mechanics to arrive at last in the gunnery school where he would meet guns, ammunition, and Major Baker.

The thought of that commanding officer caused him to grit his teeth, pull his plane up from a power dive with a jerk that made his head swim. Major Baker! Rats! The target below became in imagination a soldier—one with a Major's oak leaves and a bulbous nose and a sarcastically rasping voice. Major Baker! With savage joy and deliberation he riddled the inoffensive mark with ripping, tearing slugs and finally rammed his ship down to terra-firma with jerky, wrath-filled movements. Major Baker! Bah!

His anger still within him, he raged across the tarmac to his quarters and flung himself on a couch, brooding over his bad luck. Here he was, only two days at Randolph Field's gunnery school, when the command had been transferred to Baker, the old hypocrite. Baker, the very same Baker who had deliberately sent Carson's brother Bill to his death back in 1918. No proof, of course, that all ships had been ordered grounded *after* Bill's departure on a lone mission, but the idea had always haunted him, aided a bit by the words of "Shorty" Donelson, Bill's mechanic in the Great War. Now Baker was a major and another Carson was under his orders, perhaps to learn the truth concerning that event nineteen years ago.

From then on, life was well nigh unbearable. Perhaps the Major quailed beneath Carson's piercing gaze; perhaps he feared

the truth of the past would out; perhaps it was merely his hatred for another of the Carson name and family. The Major's ill feeling was worked out on his men, especially the younger brother of Bill Carson. His love of the work alone kept the Lieutenant from resigning, for reprimands and public tongue-lashings were frequent and uncalled for. However, he tried to grin-and-bear-it, counting the days till he would be transferred to Kelly Field.

After weeks of routine practice, the squadron lined up one morning armed with camera guns—the first combat. At the command the ships took off in snappy order, leaving the ground one after another. The "Reds" and the "Whites", designated by streamers tied to their rudders, separated and began their maneuvers.

Suddenly in the sky above Carson's "Red" ship appeared a row of tiny dots. The "Enemy"! The officer in charge waved his arm, the flight separated, and the "dog fight" was on.

Twisting and diving, Carson worked his plane closer to that flown by Major Baker; it bore a "White" streamer. With a sudden pounce, he was upon his prey, attacking with the ferocity of an unleashed puma. Up and down, around and wrongside up they chased each other across the sky, veteran versus hate! Then it happened! Making a flat turn, Carson's right wing tip ripped into the other ship's tail assembly, ground forward a few feet, and stopped. Both motors shut off, the two reached for their "chutes", preparing to trust their lives to the thin strands and canopy of silk. A jerk of the safety belt, and Carson stood up, poised himself, and dove over the side. His pull on the rip-cord released the huge silken umbrella and, swinging

(Continued on page 13)

SUCKER

By Armand V. Feigenbaum

TONY GALLANTO—BOSS LABORER

"It make me feel good to know that I have been United States citizen for twelve year'. The anniversary, it is tomorrow. We, Maria and me, we must celebrate. Yes, I am glad that Maria reminded it to me. America is a good land. I have been happy since famine drove our kin from Italy many year' ago. Yes, they have scatter' far now. Many have told me that it is a country that is cold and selfish and blind' by money. But, they have been very wrong. Think how much happy I have been here.

"The boss has told us that the governor is going to visit the construct today. I will vote for the boss. He is good. He has given me boss laborer's job at thirty dollar' a week, and I have work' only twenny three year' for him. Yes, America is a good land.

"Here is the governor. Ah, he is a splendid man. Us Americans, we know how to elec' our officers. He is looking over the project. He seems to know much, his sight is very absorb'. What is that sputt of red before the governor? Can it be . . . yes . . . they are shouting. The dynamite will blow up before the governor can get away. Can I, Tony Gallanto, to whom America has been so good, watch an American man of the gover' ment who has helped me much be killed? I, Tony Gallanto, must help him. We must show that us American' can make sacrifis. They will know then that Tony Gallanto, he is American, and his family is American.

"There is only one way. I see it as I run toward the fuse. I must smother it. There it goes. Maria, Maria, us Amer'"

The Men of the Eaton Construction Company employed on State Construction No. 10, wish to show to all the high esteem in which they have held their beloved, recently deceased comrade, Anthony Gallanto, by this plaque that has been donated by Mr. Arthur Eaton, Jr.

ART EATON—CONSTRUCTION BOSS

"The Gov is certainly a swell looking guy. The boys tell me that I'll look like him when I get elected in the district next month. Good publicity for me that he's visiting this construct. Yep, I'll be a politico after next month What's that red flicker in front of him? It can't be, but yes, it's the fuse. I must have forgotten to chomp it out when the old windbag walked in. Looks bad for me, the gov blasted on my construct. No, maybe I can get it on Bill Vreemen, he was near me when I was setting it. It looks like its going to go. Look at the way the old gent is trying to waddle away"

"There goes Gallanto. What's the old fool going to do, kill himself? Told pop we should never have raised him to boss laborer, twenty three years or no twenty three years. Why, the blamed fool is going to smother it. Go to it there it goes why, the poor sucker"

(DAILY CLARION)

Brave Laborer Sacrifices Life
To Save Governor And StaffJACK BLAINE—Rewrite Man
(speaking on telephone)

"What—you say the gov and his staff just escaped from being unpieced by a blast? Swell! good story. We need it. Today's lag looked bad for circulation. What's the dope?

"Some fish of a laborer threw himself over a fuse that a stooge of a blaster left lying around and got it in the neck? Name Tony? That's bad. Call him Anthony. Gallanto—great. Anthony Gallant, the brave—

"What? O. K., I'll save it for the readers.

"By the way, where is the egg? You can't put it definitely; he's in pieces? Sure, I got it the poor sucker. . . ."

(Continued on Page Twenty)

DO YOUR APRIL FOOLING EARLY

By Dorothy Shelton

"HO, hum" sighed Simp Simpsons, as he reached out to shut off the alarm clock which had disturbed his peaceful slumbers.

Of course, Simp's name was not really Simp, but one of his classmates at the prep school had dubbed him thus and it had stuck.

"What time is it?" sleepily inquired Michael Rand, Simp's roommate, better known as "Mike."

"Seven o'clock," replied Simp, carefully rolling his covers back.

"My eye! Is it as late as that?" exclaimed Mike, jumping out of bed.

"What's the rush?" queried Simp. "Today isn't something special, is it?"

Mike stopped in his tracks and thought a minute; an idea had struck him.

"Why, yes, Simp. Didn't you know today is April first?" asked Mike.

April first, why the very name held terror for Simp. Before his eyes there flashed a picture of the pranks that had been played on him last year. If there is one time in Simp's life that he is popular, it is April first. Suddenly Simp had an idea. He'd show them they couldn't put anything over on him this year. Once was enough; he had learned his lesson. He'd take precautions this year.

In dressing he left his shoes untied, his collar opened, and put his sweater on backwards. No, siree, they couldn't pull anything about his clothes, he had that fixed,—no April fooling there. At breakfast many glances were cast at Simp, but none inquired why the strange appearance.

There would probably be salt in his orange juice and water in the milk pitcher, but there wasn't. That Simp decided was because they knew he would be expecting it this year. No, they had better things in store for him, he thought.

All during classes that day Simp kept careful watch, and prided himself on his success. Nobody had been able to fool him so far, but it was only two in the afternoon. So he decided to take a walk and see how many more schemes he could foul.

Ah, there was an old woman crossing the street. He'd not help her. He remembered only too well when, last April first all unsuspecting, he had offered to help an old lady across the street. He hadn't even been suspicious when she leaned too heavily on him and gave him all her many bundles to hold. But when they were across the street, she had lifted her hood and there was that jeering upper classman Stanley Coffin. How the fellows had ridiculed him about that. There was a smirk on his face as he watched the old lady start to cross. Suddenly from behind him, another young man stepped forth to help her. Simp waited to see the fun, but when she turned around to thank the young man, his heart stopped. It was Jane Wyatt's grandmother, and what wouldn't he do to receive a little attention from Jane Wyatt.

"Oh, well, just because that wasn't a trick, no sign they haven't more in store for me," thought Simp as he walked along. But, whoa, there! What was that? A pocket book! Simp just caught himself in time. He'd wait around a while and watch someone else fall for it. He didn't have long to wait for pretty soon a young fellow whom he knew by sight came along and picked it up. Opening it, he looked inside, but instead of dropping it again in disgust, he walked away still holding the purse.

"Ha, ha," Simp thought, "doesn't want me to know he's a sucker. Ha! ha!" But his amusement was suddenly cut short by the arrival of a lady apparently very much upset about something.

"Young man, have you seen a blue pocket-book anywhere around?" she questioned. "I lost it somewhere on this street, and if you can find it, I shall be glad to reward you."

Simp could do nothing at first, but stare. Finally he came to himself enough to tell her where her property was. He watched her hurry away and silently cursed himself for a fool.

After taking several turns around the block he finally entered a sheltered side-street and saw a hat lying in the middle of the sidewalk. Immediately he forgot about the pocket book and remembered only how he had tried to kick a similar hat out of the way last year and fractured his toe on the brick inside and could hardly walk, and not dance at all, for weeks. He'd show them this time, he would! He'd step on the hat, he hoped they had rented it, or borrowed it, or that it was one of their own. Just as he was stepping neatly in the middle of it, the industrious March Wind blew a fat man around the corner. But besides being fat, the gentleman was one of the trustees of the school.

"You young puppy," he shouted, "I'll teach you to step on my hat," but by this time Simp was quite out of hearing.

"Oh, well," thought Simp as he lay in bed that night, "at least I kept them from playing any tricks on me, and April first is almost over."

With that he went to sleep and dreamed of a million fearful pranks being played on him by his classmates.

About eight hours later, the aforementioned alarm clock interrupted his nightmarish dreams.

"April Fool," shouted Mike in his ear, so loud it almost knocked him out of bed. Staggering to his feet, Simp glared at Mike.

"What do you mean, April Fool?" he demanded, but not waiting for an answer, he firmly stated, "Today is April second."

"April second, my eye! Go look at a calendar and catch up on your dates," shouted Mike indicating a calender.

"B-B-But you told me yesterday was April first" stuttered Simp, with a look of agony in his eyes as he realized the horrible truth.

"Oh, that," airily explained Mike. "Why, I was just doing my April Fooling early to avoid the crowds."

PRAYER FOR VISION

By Kathryn Krone

*Let not my thoughts be guided, Lord,
By what the eyes can see,
But give me vision pure and true
To follow after Thee.*

*Man looketh on the outward form;
God seeth but the heart.
Oh, grant me grace to separate
The spiritual apart.*

*I would have strength that I may pass
O'er petty things of life;
Yet stop by those of true ideal
And win them—though through strife.*

*Perfection dwells beyond this world,
But it I seek to find—
Obtaining it, I will have gained
A purer soul and mind.*

*And may this vision ne'er be marred
By worldly doubts un-named;
But keep it e'er within my heart
Until my goal's attained.*

NATURE'S ALCHEMY

By Marjorie Monroe



IN the infinite variety of Nature's changing seasons, God has given us a most sublime panorama.

Summer brings fulfillment of all Nature's hopes. Then the trees, clad in shimmering green, gaze with delighted vanity at their reflections in the lake. The lake, rippling in the warm breeze, winks up at the sun as he pours his shining rays upon it. The drowsy mountains bask lazily in the summer heat. Bright-hued flowers weave across the meadows a pattern like old-fashioned patchwork. Little wisps of clouds float like thistledown through the clear blue sky. In the richness of Summer, Nature exhibits her greatest charms.

Hard on the heels of Summer comes Lady Autumn, a changeable lassie, now warm, gay, and vivid, now cold, austere, and drab. The trees flaunt their challenge in the face of approaching Winter by donning their gayest garments of red and russet and yellow. The little lake shines in the reflected glory of Autumn's gayest mood. At times, however,

chill blasts of wind create a rhythmic lapping of ripples on the sandy shore. The mountains now seem more remote, shrouded in a mantle of purple haze. Autumn is the old age of the year, for the falling leaves and withering plants symbolize the end of life.

Winter's frosty breath transforms the familiar scene into a mysterious snow-covered realm. The friendly trees of the summer-time now stand aloof and stern as they lift their stark, bare arms to the heavens. The little lake, encrusted with ice, now becomes a diamond, sparkling in its mountain setting. The hand of Winter has heaped a warm blanket of snow upon the quietly slumbering earth. Everything in Nature is hushed and still.

The first warm days of Spring draw back Winter's fleecy coverlet of snow, and awaken the drowsy buds into life and promise of new beauty. Shyly peeping from the earth come the first Spring flowers, welcoming the new season and the sun's warm rays. The lake sparkles, but with softer sheen, its mirror-like surface rippled here and there by the pranks of a naughty breeze. All life is joyful as spring marches on into summer.

One who appreciates the full round of the year can readily see how skillfully God has employed Nature's alchemy in arranging his plan of life.

PUSSY WILLOWS

*"More soft than press of baby's lips
They fleck the russet willow tips
Before the bluebirds hither wing
Those first faint footfalls of the
Spring."*

FAVORITE ANTIPATHIES

By Dorothy Shelton

LIKE everyone, I have many antipathies; but of them all, these three are my favorites: eating liver and melon, doing home work, and being short.

At home I do not have to worry about the first two, as there I eat what I like, and what I don't like I turn my nose up at. So it is only for two or three weeks in the summer, when I am at camp and have to eat what is placed before me, that I suffer. Unfortunately we have at camp, no dog to which I may pass the detested meat under the table, so I manfully take bite after bite of it smothered in a variety of other foods.

I shall never cease to wonder why it is that every time I see melon my eyes gleam and my mouth waters; and then when I decide to try to eat it, my stomach positively refuses to behave. Liver is just the opposite, the very sight and smell of it make me shudder and feel sick, while the actual eating is really not so bad.

It seems that there are many things that I would rather do than home work, so I list it among my favorite antipathies. I am slowly but surely developing a hit or miss fashion of doing this particular thing. I always leave it till the very last minute. If it ever gets completely done, it is because I have sacrificed precious hours of sleep to do it. So I wear glasses and sleep late Saturday morning in order to gain an education by doing home work, which is probably wrong anyway.

Of all my dissatisfactions, being short perhaps is the greatest. I am willing to admit that it is somewhat beneficial financially, to be able to place a dime on the ticket counter at the theatre and be taken for eleven even if you are fifteen. Oh, but how pride suffers when you are detected! I was very successful at this little game myself, until I was about fifteen years old, and then quite unexpectedly

I was "caught". After purchasing my ticket I "counted my chickens before they were hatched" and was congratulating myself on another successful escape when the usher at the door glared at me and asked, "How old are you?" Unfortunately I was never very good at prevaricating because my blushes always gave me away, so I replied, "Fifteen."

However humiliating the experience may have been, the crowning injury came a few weeks later, when I again visited the same theatre; and, when having placed twenty-five cents on the counter, I received in return, a ticket, plus fifteen cents. Greatly mortified though I was at being taken for a twelve year old child, my pride was not sufficient to make me return the fifteen cents. It was their mistake, not mine!

It is one of my greatest desires to grow a few more inches and so I eat carrots, meats, cereals and milk. I have even tried a certain brand of peanut butter which is supposed to produce six foot sons and lovely daughters, and do I grow? Yes, but in the wrong way. I measured myself the other day and was overjoyed to see I had grown one inch after a year of stagnation; but imagine my disappointment when I realized that I had not removed my shoes, so I had grown only a sixteenth of an inch! A sixteenth of an inch a year, why just think in sixteen years I'd be one full inch taller than I am now!

The ideal picture which I hold of the future is of myself, five feet-five inches tall, eating liver and melon like candy, and having no home work.

* * * *

Louis—What suit is that you're wearing?

George—That's my insomnia suit.

Louis—What d'you mean—insomnia suit!

George—Hasn't had a nap for years.

TODAY AND YESTERDAY

By Dorothy Litty

OH, what pleasure modern grandparents take in comparing, bemoaning, and generally raising their eyebrows over modern Jimmy's actions and lack of action. Since earliest time this has been the favorite pastime of those folks, past middle age, still not in their dotage—but on their way. Youth must hold its tongue however. Then Jimmy 3rd in his turn looks askance when Grandad tells of his early life. This is the way things are.

Jimmy 3rd turns over sleepily when a modern alarm clock insistently but gently tells him it is seven-thirty. Then at ten of eight, a patient, gentle mother calls sweetly "Jimmy you've fifteen minutes to dress, eat, clean your teeth, etc. before you start to school." Remembering that he had been late the day before, he throws off the bedclothes and dons his correct knickers, then yells downstairs and asks what color tie goes with a purple striped shirt. No reply, so he selects a flamboyant chinese red affair. Leisurely he goes downstairs to a correct breakfast of fruit juice, cereal, toast, and hot chocolate. After making sure he had parted his hair exactly in the middle he gets into the car beside his father, who has been waiting twenty minutes, and whirls away to the very correct school.

According to Grandpa he was wakened by the din of the strainers and the rattling of the milk pails. All in a rush he slipped on his wool shirt, overalls, and felt boots. It was cold, so he slid down the backstairs bannister and broke the ice in the pail of water he had drawn the night before from the well. He did his chores and went into a breakfast of baked beans, pancakes, fried ham, and pie. Then, off he ran to the one room schoolhouse. This is the way Grandad portrays the morning episode. Now for some more.

School isn't very different according to the amount learned. Even at his age Grandpa can say, "amo, amos, amat, amamus, amatis,

amant" and so forth, through all the other tenses more quickly than his grandson. The reason? Grandad says that folks nowadays believe in cultivating the self-expression of the child—years ago teachers cultivated the ruler.

When young Jim comes home from school, it's "Here you come meandering home from school at four o'clock with a couple of friends to inspect your aquarium, and your new erector set. Now, when I was a boy, I lickity-split it home to get the chores done before dark. Then perhaps we could pop some corn along about eight o'clock—just before we went to bed."

But Grandad's favorite "harkin back" is the difference in summer vacations. Young Jim 3rd goes to a select camp and comes back properly tanned, while poor Grandad had to help hay, reap, and fill the silo. He was properly tanned, too, if he slipped off and went fishing. (This is his favorite pun.)

Such since the beginning of time has been the harangue grandsons have been forced to bear. They do rejoice, though, in the fact that they too will some day be grandfathers.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE

By Jackson Cook

*On the ground—flakes of snow,
In the sky—stars that glow,
On the lakes—silvery ice,
Beauties of Nature—they have no price.*

*In the forest—whispering trees,
In the air—a gentle breeze,
All these wonders—rare as spice—
Beauties of Nature—they have no price.*

THE BORE TIDE

By Doris Vienneau

HOW mighty and how obstinate Nature can be to man's efforts I realized last summer when I saw the Bore Tide of the Bay of Fundy. Watching this six foot wave rushing toward shore, I was learning a great lesson—that there are certain powers of nature that will never be conquered by man.

This fact is shown by the way in which the tide hinders commerce. When the tide is in, the boats come to the ports along the inlets and rivers. But as the ships are being unloaded and loaded again, the tide steals away with a soft, hissing sound that seems to say, "Now you are stranded here, helpless, until I return." And indeed they are, for until it does come back and cover the vast stretches of red mud, the boats must remain, tied to the docks with great cables to prevent them from falling over. Not even then, however, are some of the boats successful in reaching the open sea before the tide recedes again. They become stuck in the mud only to be wrecked by the great force of the tide when it returns.

Despite such lessons in the danger of the tide, a few daredevils have tried to swim or row in the tide of the Petticodiac River. Here a sluggish, shallow river creeps toward the sea in a narrow channel of its half mile wide, mud basin. As the wave roars up the river, it fills the whole basin to the height of twenty-five feet. Persons foolish enough to try to navigate in the wave are either crushed by the inrush of water itself or drowned in the whirlpools formed as the tide flows uphill and the river protestingly tries to flow down. Many years ago a distant relative of mine was drowned in the Bore Tide. So, I can never look upon it without remembering the toll it took from our family.

Another struggle of river against tide is at the reversing falls of the St. John's River. Here the tide and the river come together with a great force, forming a beautiful sight, but the tide always wins. When not even

gravity can overcome the tide, how can man expect to do so?

When it was finally realized that the tide was all powerful, someone conceived the idea of harnessing its power and converting it to electricity. After millions of dollars had been spent, it was discovered that an old saying, slightly changed, is true—Time and tide work for no man. The tide would not be harnessed. Thus one of the greatest forces of Nature remains untamed by man.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!"

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—"

Lord Byron's words echo again in our ears as we gaze out across the Bay of Fundy and watch the unconquerable sea sweep in.

"CHUTE-~~THE~~-CHUTES"

(Continued from page 6)

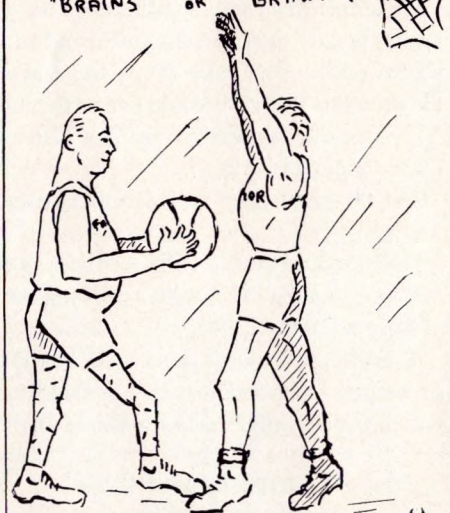
like a pendulum, he began to float gently downward to safety.

Still in the cockpit of his ship, Baker's sardonic leer froze on his face. With an insane cry he hurled the "chute" over the side, watching it fall to earth two thousand feet below. Now his wits really left him, as he insanely battered himself against the cockpit coaming. Faster and faster the two ships swung in a tight spin, ever closer to the earth until they struck with a resounding crash and a burst of flame. Major Baker had gone the way of Bill Carson, nineteen years before.

Lieutenant Carson's verbal report and explanation was short and to the point. "I see it all clearly now, Sir. Baker 'fixed' my parachute. I inspected it and righted the wrong. When he saw it function correctly, he believed he had switched the two, that his own was the damaged one. Rather than try it, he took the choice of riding his ship to the ground. He failed."

SIDE GLANCES AT P. H. S.

— FACULTY VS SENIORS —
WHICH WILL TRIUMPH?
"BRAINS" OR "BRAWN"?



THERE'S A RUMOR AROUND
THE SCHOOL THAT "HAGSTROM"
IS COMPLAINING OF
WRITER'S CRAMP SINCE
THE ST. JOE GAME



"YEAH!
FOR SPORT
OF THE ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION"

WHY WERE SO
MANY STUDENTS
EATING STANDING
UP SO SOON AFTER
THE "DEFICIENCIES
WERE GIVEN OUT?"



S. Cohen

Meet Your Teachers...

Edward J. Gebauer

Alexander Jarvie

MISS DOROTHY RHOADES

Domain: 212

Subject: Latin

Great Accomplishment: Success in finding something to put on "The Faculty Christmas Tree."

Famous saying: "You're the worst pest around"

Second ditto: "My day is spoiled"

Present pastime: Could it be watching students trying to "smuggle" candy from the cafeteria? ??

MISS LUELLA VIGER

Domain: 333

Subject: Typing

Great Accomplishment: Not having her name appear in THE STUDENT'S PEN

Famous saying: You here again?

Present pastime: Thinking????

MR. HENRY MURRAY

Domain: 238

Subject: U. S. History

Great Accomplishment: Helping his Senior A. classes over the last rung in the Historical Ladder of Education.

Famous saying: "Close your books, now"

Second ditto: "You know, I'm not like the teacher who lets you have your books open when you recite"

Present pastime: Study hall supervisor ! ? ! ?

MR. JOSEPH RYAN

Domain: 212

Subject: Geology and History

Great Accomplishment: Teaching classes in Geology

Famous saying: "It says—"

Second ditto: "What do you think about it?"

Present pastime: Practicing basketball.

MISS MARGARET KALIHNER

Domain: 206

Subject: U. S. History

Great Accomplishment: Faithfully records all marks earned by her pupils, especially the low ones

Famous saying: "I'll bet yuh, etc."

Present pastime: Attempting to exert her dictatorship over "Filibuster" Cook, who will be and is heard.

MR. JAMES A. CONROY

Domain: 102 (Home room) 326 (Laboratory)

Subject: Chemistry

Great Accomplishment: We really can't think of any right now, but "There'll come a day."

Famous saying: "You need a good banging."

Present pastime: Convalescing from the faculty play, and slapping his naughty pupils hands when they unwittingly stray close to the gas jets and water faucets.

MISS HELENE MILLET

Domain: 142

Subject: French

Great Accomplishment: The "once" that she cleaned her closet

Famous saying: "Have you bought your ticket for— yet?"

Present pastime: Intercepting frantic passes made by students towards the refuse cans in the cafeteria.

MR. CHARLES E. MURPHY

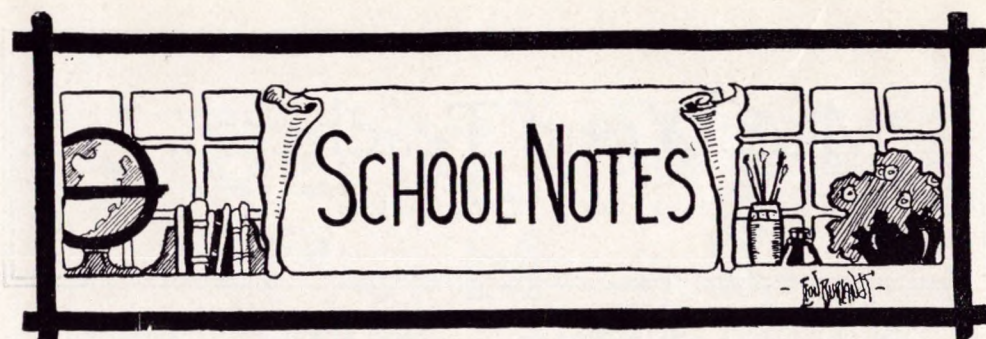
Domain: 3c

Subject: English

Great Accomplishment: Getting to school on time

Famous saying: "Are you still here?"

Present pastime: "Swinging."



Robert Lord, Editor Robert Jacob Marjorie Monroe
Sheila O'Connell

POLITICS TO THE FRONT

In the class elections held recently, the following officers were chosen to guide their class for the coming semester:

SENIOR A

President . . . Leonard Kohlhofer
Vice President . . . Philomena Carnevale
Secretary . . . Marion Roberts
Treasurer . . . Elizabeth Quirk

SENIOR B

President . . . Bruce MacDonald
Vice President . . . Henry Miller
Secretary . . . Julia Ziemba
Treasurer . . . Ruby Cockrill

JUNIOR A

President . . . Edward Callahan
Vice President . . . Donald Shepardson
Secretary . . . Alice Piccini
Treasurer . . . Elizabeth Hearn

RING COMMITTEE CHOSEN

The Senior B Class placed the task of selecting their senior rings in the capable hands of Clayton Curtis. He has chosen the following to assist him: Amelia Ciaburri, Gladys Smith, Peter Calautti, John Langdon, and Marie Bradway. The first ring order will probably be taken about the first of April.

GYM EXHIBITION

The annual boys' gym exhibition will be held in the high school gymnasium Friday evening, April 9. At that time a dazzling display of drilling, swinging, twisting, and gyrating will be unfolded before your eyes. The boys have been working hard for this great event, and few of us can afford to miss such a spectacle.

SENIOR A'S VS. FACULTY

On the evening of March 19, a howling, screeching mob will witness the greatest spectacle ever staged in the high school gymnasium. The Senior A Class will endeavor to outclass the faculty with a dazzling brand of basketball. Complete charge of the arrangements have been placed in the hands of Dan Carey. It is expected that the faculty will use a strong defense consisting of several former college stars. For the past two years, the faculty has been triumphant. So come on, Seniors! Up and at 'em!

JUNIOR PROM

The Junior A Class will make its debut on May 14 when it presents the semi-annual Junior Prom. The arrangements for this gala festivity are in charge of prom chairman, William Walters. As usual the class predicts a bigger and better prom than ever before. We hope so.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club, one of the newly organized clubs in the school, is rapidly making a name for itself. The club is presided over by Douglas Brownell, with Mr. Conroy as the faculty adviser. Eight new members have been taken in recently to fill the vacancies left by graduating seniors. The club amuses itself every Wednesday with a play, speaker, or general discussion. The purpose of the organization is to give the pupils a better understanding of dramatics and to help turn out members qualified to be in the senior plays.

March, 1937

17

SENIOR PLAY

The most colossal event of the school year, the senior play, will be held April 16 in the auditorium. Miss Ward and Chairman Harold Cayburry are spending much time in preparing a superb production. The play chosen by the committee is "A Pair of Sixes." In the cast are Robert Shepard and Polly Hopkins, Robert Hill, Joseph Farrell, Alexander Jarvie, Ernest St. John, William Oliver, John Descz, Gladys Fish, Philomena Carnevale, and Lillian Walsh.

COUNTY DEBATES

The annual Berkshire County debates will be held April 14. The topic of controversy is one of nationwide interest: "Resolved, that government lotteries should be legalized in the United States."

As usual the negative team will leave town and debate against Adams High. The affirmative team will remain at home and debate the formidable Bennington High. At present only tentative teams have been chosen. The affirmative team will launch its attack with Armand Feigenbaum, Robert Lord, Hugh Toomie, and Sophia Pomerantz. The negative team consists of Elliott Weisgarber, George Merritt, Seymour Kolman, and Jack Duker.

As the subject for argument is a most interesting one, the debate will probably be most hotly contested.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

March 19: Senior vs. Faculty basketball game.
March 30: State gym meet at Lynn.
April 9: Boys' gym exhibition
April 14: County debates
April 16: Senior play, "A Pair of Sixes"
April 30: Girls' gym exhibition
May 14: Junior prom
June 15: Graduation

NEAR TRAGEDY

Irv Fenton, flashy right wing on the hockey squad, nearly froze to death in the last game with Lenox. He forgot to wear his flannel pajamas.

NEWS FLASH

All of you picture snatchers might be interested to know that a photography club has been formed for the purpose of studying advanced photography. Mr. Leahy is acting as adviser and will direct the work. It is hoped that a contest may be held later on and prizes awarded for the best prints.

FACULTY TALK

Chemistry tells us that the higher the atmospheric conditions, the dizzier a person becomes. Accordingly Mr. Leahy suggests that some people be deposited in a valley.

Miss Kaliher (speaking of some modern book)—"Of course, the ordinary person wouldn't read this—but I did."

We wonder if Miss Murphy would reenact for us that "dear" episode with Mr. Sheridan.

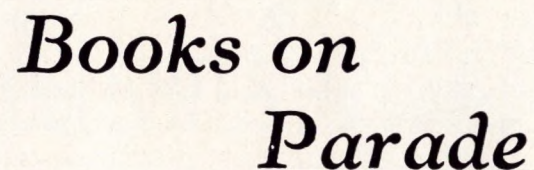
St. Valentine hasn't been sleeping at P. H. S. either. It seems that to three male members of our faculty Miss Kaliher is "Peg o' my Heart."

Mr. Edward J. McKenna also proved himself popular with St. Valentine. Just ask him!

And who says that women are the weaker sex? What happened to Mr. Edward J. McKenna and his tray of lunch. Talk about "spilling the beans!"

Did you know that Miss Rhoades was taken for a member of the Pittsfield High School student body one day recently. Maybe she wasn't told where to "get off"!!!!

Do you know which member of our faculty is known as "Miss Pittsfield High School?"



THE *Sea of Grass*, by Conrad Richter. In *The Sea of Grass* the author has again selected as in his previous book *Early Americana*, the plains of Old New Mexico as the setting for this romantic novelette. The land where silvery guns are the only law, where neighbors five miles apart are considered a menace to one's peace and where the haunting brays of the cattle and horses are sweet music. The characters resemble those in Willa Cather's *Lost Lady*. The Colonel Brewton of Mr. Richter's creation, whom Lutie came from the East to marry, is a stern and powerful ranch owner, who resents the invasion of the homesteader into the land of the cattle. Though in the eyes of the Westerner, his methods of retaliation are justifiable, to the Easterner, he is a relic of the uncivilized past.

Mr. Ritcher could have selected no better setting than the plains of New Mexico, for, in my opinion, they supply the story with moods as does Egden Heath in Thomas Hardy's *Return of The Native*.

Conrad Richter's talent in story writing lies in his ability to use his scenes. His vivid descriptions wake the sleeping plains, and add color that the ordinary eye does not see and which other authors have consistently neglected.

Here's *To Crime*, by Courtney Riley Cooper. Mr. Courtney Riley Cooper, in this latest work, continues the campaign against crime that he started in his earlier book, *Ten Thousand Public Enemies*.

Mr. Cooper exposes the method the Criminals use in making crime pay and their devices for escaping the clutches of the law. The exploits of these criminals, which seem so daring, are put on display in this book. For instance, Mr. Cooper relates how John Dillinger, the great gangster, made his escape from the Crown Point jail by paying a jailer a large sum of money.

Mr. Cooper spares no words and no facts in exposing the underworld to the unsuspecting public.

Through his close association with J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mr. Cooper was able to obtain a great deal of information and through his connection with the underworld he was able to record the actions of gangsters. With these facts in mind I recommend *Here's To Crime* as a worth while book.

On The Contrary, by Phyllis McGinley. Here is a collection of modern satirical poems of the most amusing type, a book to relieve any dull or dreary moments one might have.

In her own whimsical way, Miss McGinley takes headlines, problems, and incidents and proceeds to satirize them in verse form.

[illegible]

Considering that Pittsfield lost several men by graduation and a new combination had to be made, Pittsfield High has had a fairly successful basketball season. In its first twelve games the boys broke even; but despite this mediocre showing, something about the team has made it draw the rooters en masse. It may be in line to give a review of the season thus far, and here it is.

whistle. Carey, Quadrozi, and Evans stood out, but the team worked well as a whole. . . . In excitement, but not in tradition, the contest with Drury, which Pittsfield lost 7-6, surpassed the St. Joe battle. A fight, numerous falls, and a last minute setback made this game well-remembered. Brown with four points and Carey and Evans' fine defence stood out for us. . . . St. Joe (N. A.) reversed its form and whipped us at the Tunnel City 17-16. This was Buddy Evans final game and he acquitted himself well. . . . At Williamstown our forces submerged the home team revengefully 32-22. Brown, Quadrozi, and Jones led the free scoring, and Sharkey did a fine job in Evans' position during part of the game. . . . At home our five dropped a heartbreaker to Drury 22-20. A hard fought contest with a single basket near the last defeating a hard fighting club. Brown and Quadrozi stood out. . . . The Purple and White then met with Adams and when the battle was over our forces had driven back the opposition 26-17. Carey by his fine playing and leadership was outstanding. He and Quadrozi hooped nineteen points between them. . . . The return game with Dalton, at home, promised much and fulfilled it all. Continually behind, the Purple and White made several unsuccessful efforts to close in. Until the last eight points by Dalton the 33-23 game was nip and tuck. Brown, Quadrozi, and Sharkey played a fine game. . . .

Throughout the campaign the Purple and White combine has thus far faced twelve op-

ponents and has run up a total of 266 points against a total of 223 for the opponents. Most of the games which it has lost have been lost by only a few points, and in some cases, a single basket would have turned the tide. . . There have been five men who have borne the brunt of the scoring and must be recognized as the high scorers. These are Quadrozi, 75; Brown, 60; Carey, 34; Leslie, 27; Scullary, 23.

MARCH 10

P. H. S. 21—St. Joe's 20

HOCKEY

Despite the unfavorable skating weather we have had this year, our hockey team has enjoyed a short but successful season. Led by Captain "Chuck" Parker, the pucksters defeated the Lebanon and Lenox Schools by scores of 3 to 1, and 3 to 2, respectively. In their only other encounter they bowed to Lenox by the slim margin of one goal, 4-3. Other games would have been scheduled, but, due to the unseasonable weather, any such plans had to be dropped.

The high scorer of the team was Ray Gifford with five goals, who was a most dependable player all year. Gifford recently moved here from Canada, where he played in Canadian amateur hockey circles. There, the fastest type of the game in the world is played.

This season has been successful from another point of view also. In former years, practise sessions and home games were held on the Dorothy Deming playground, which is quite a distance from the center of the city, and, therefore, quite inaccessible to many would-be spectators. This year, however, an excellent rink was constructed by the Park Commission, and many more fans were attracted. Had the weather been more favorable, it seems quite certain that hockey would have gained more popularity, and would have been placed on a higher sporting level than ever before in its history at P. H. S.

Encouraged, therefore, by its two-fold

LONGING

By Isabelle C. Sayles

*This is your life—it is not mine.
I want to live and laugh again.
I want to climb up to the line
Thy mountains make against the sky;
I want to hold the wind in arms
Entreating it to come to them,
And then, it shall blow through my soul
And go. My heart it will leave clean.
The trees will talk, and I shall hear.
They reach upward, and all are brave
As I must be when they are near.
I need them now, to speak to me.*

success this season, the hockey sextet looks forward to one of its most successful and biggest seasons next year.

SUCKER

(Continued from Page Seven)

The City Council wishes to express, by this resolution, its deep appreciation to the family of Antonio Gallanto who sacrificed his life that others might live. It would desire very much to do more than this little expression of esteem.

JOHN G. MARKER—COUNCIL SCRIBE
AND INSURANCE EXECUTIVE

* * * * *

"Hello, Charley? You say that the Galantos are applying for the ten thousand dollar natural death policy that the old man carried? Who are they? Oh . . . Well, I'll tell you, Charley, the company doesn't like the number of premiums that we've been handing out lately, and they want us to cut down. You see, it's a natural death premium. What? Of course, he carried it for less cost. They haven't the money to close up his affairs? Assure them that the company gives them all sympathy, as does the Council, although they know that.

"What? Oh yes, well, I'm afraid, Charley that we can't pay that premium. It wasn't a natural death, you know. . . ."

HUMOR

SPRING IS IN THE AIR

Gunnar Hagstrom: "Speaking about baseball, I've even purchased a baseball dog."

Al Holden: "Why do you call him a baseball dog?"

G. H.: "Cause he wears a muzzle, catches flies, chases fowls, and beats it for home when he sees the catcher coming."

* * * *

It seems that Ralph Hutchinson took his car to a garage for some repairs.

"You wouldn't think it was a secondhand car, would you?" he remarked to the mechanic.

"Great Scott, no!" said the mechanic, "I thought you'd made it yourself."

* * * *

Mr. James A. McKenna (Economics)

"Many students are like coffee—98 per cent of the active ingredient has been removed from the bean."

* * * *

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

Breathless Sophomore, entering the sacred domain of 330—"Mr. Conroy wants you to send him down 110 volts of A.C. Current."

Our Solemn Mr. Lynch—"Will you carry it back or will Mr. Conroy send someone for it?"

Sophomore—"I don't know; it depends on how big it is."

* * * *

Of all the "Give-me-a-sentence-with-the-word" jokes we've heard, we give the prize to Bruce MacDonald, who put "effervescent" and "fiddlestick" in one sentence. Bruce said, "Effervescent enough covers on the bed your fiddlestick out."

* * * *

Street Car Conductor—"How old are you, little girl?"

Clare Moynihan—"It the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

ONE FROM THE STICKS

The question in the physical examination read:

"How may one obtain a good posture?"

The sophomore from Richmond wrote: "Keep the cows off of it and let it grow up awhile."

* * * *

GOOD DESCRIPTION

Miss Rhoades—"I hear you bought a car and that it's a rattling good one. How about it?"

Mr. Joyce—"Yes, it's a rattler all right. When I drive it, it sounds like a skeleton having a chill on a tin roof."

* * * *

Ralph Levine—"What does LL.D. after a man's name mean?"

Robert Lord—"I guess it means that he's a lung and liver doctor."

* * * *

And there was the sophomore who wanted to study music, so she put on her office register card, "Preparing for Sing-Sing."

* * * *

Students

ATTENTION—ANSWER THESE

(1) How do they get the "Saturday Evening Post" out on Tuesday?

(2) Which is the front end of a ferry boat?

(3) How high is up?

(4) What is the difference between a duck?

(Please drop all answers into our waste-paper basket in the office.)

* * * *

Betty Mitchell (Two days after the P.H.S. Dalton game on February 26)—"Did you see the article in *The Eagle* which said Pittsfield beat Dalton 19 to 11?"

Maud Kinghorn—"No, it must be wrong. We didn't beat Dalton. Where did you see that?"

B. Mitchell—"In the 'Ten Years Ago' Column."

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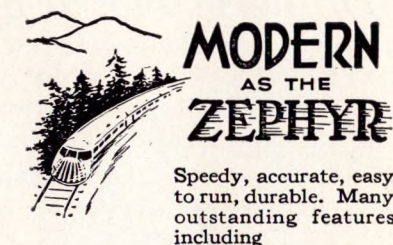
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stools,
And act just like a group of
fools.

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crowd,
Yell some cheers, make them
loud,
And eat some real old-fashioned
cream,
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Furniture Store



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Conservatively and consistently
progressive. Capable and
anxious to serve



Eagle Printing and Binding Co.

33 EAGLE SQUARE, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Dial 2-6924

At Eastertide ..

A photograph carries the most
personal of all greetings

Make an appointment today

THE
CAMP - GRAY
STUDIO
183 NORTH STREET

Dial 7161

J. H. BROWN

Home Made Ice Cream



75 Woodlawn Ave.

White Star
Confectionery Co.

WHOLESALE
CONFECTIONERS

47 SUMMER STREET

BUSY BEE

famed for

SPAGHETTI
ready to serve or take out

190 WEST STREET

Compliments of
Singer Sewing
Machine Co.

29 Fenn Street

Morningside Bakery

A. J. ELFVING & SONS

QUALITY BAKERS

The Home of
BAKER BOY BREAD

Dial 2-2505

540 Tyler Street

The
Henzel Studio

GEORGE W. HENZEL, Prop.

PHOTOGRAPHS



Still at the same location
139 NORTH STREET

1835 1937

The
Berkshire Mutual
Fire Insurance
Company
of

PITTSFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS

Over One Hundred Years
Of Continuous Service

Compliments of
Hotel Pickwick



108-112 West St. Pittsfield

Students!

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

Keep the Weather from your food



Let ELECTRICITY do it!

In this changeable New England weather, where only 19 or 20 days in the year (by actual record) are suitable for natural food preservation, you need the safety of constant electric refrigeration.

Foods kept within the safety zone of 40 to 50 degrees are preserved indefinitely. Cold snaps—spring thaws—these cannot affect your food if constant temperature is maintained by electrical control.

For economy and safety therefore, use modern electric refrigeration every month in the year.



PITTSFIELD ELECTRIC COMPANY

Western Massachusetts Electric Company

Constituents of WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS COMPANIES

SECURITY

THE laws of this State permit only savings banks of the "mutual" kind. This means that all the profits go to the depositors in the form of dividends, or into a surplus fund to further protect them.

THE Berkshire County Savings Bank was established ninety-one years ago and, since that time, has paid in interest-dividends over \$17,800,000.00 to its various depositors.

START now by depositing regularly to share in the profits of this bank.



Berkshire County
Savings Bank